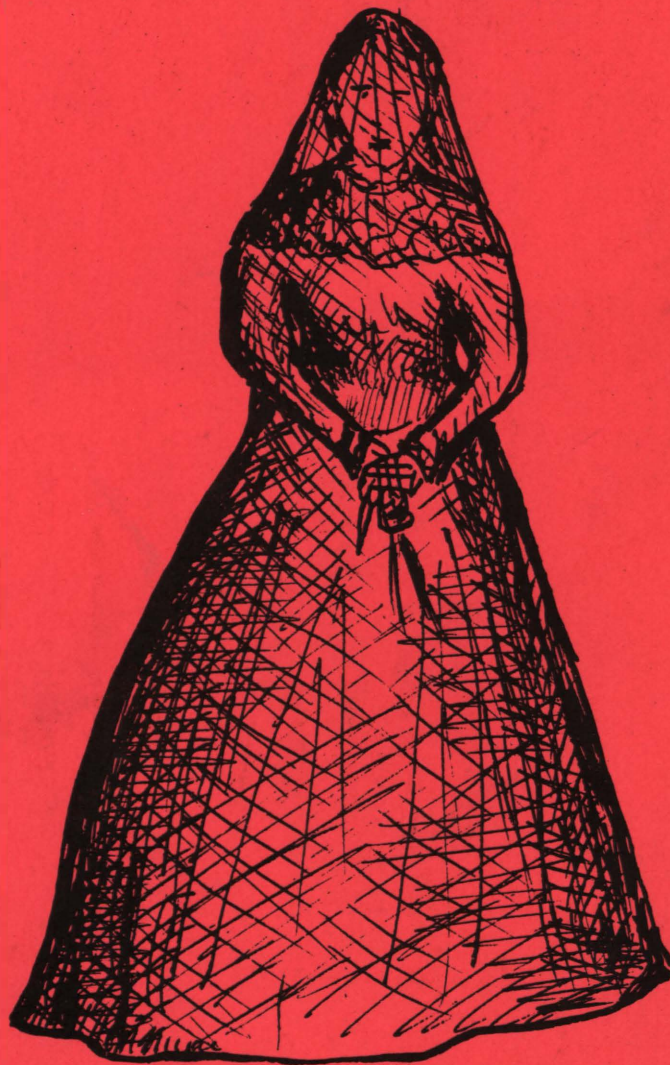


# **Ghost Trackers Newsletter**

**The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society**



**Volume 14**

**Number 3**

**October 1995**







## Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1978 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

**Regular** memberships are \$12.00 per year and include three issues of the Ghost Trackers Newsletter, GRS button, membership card, discounts to GRS sponsored events and tours, FREE photo analysis service and discounts on new and used books with FREE finder service available. Send wants! **Sustaining Memberships** are \$17.00 and include the above and the opportunity of helping with ghost research and attending field excursions (Midwest members only and subject to interview) at least twice a year. **Contributing Memberships** are \$22.00 and besides the above receive a free newspaper clipping service for your particular state (or country) sent on an irregular basis with your subscription. Multi-year, Patron and Lifetime Memberships are also available. If interested in those, please request further information.

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## Editors page:

Welcome to the Halloween issue of Ghost Trackers Newsletter! This is the first issue using the new printer. As I mentioned in the last newsletter, I lost my old reliable printer, Cycle Printers, run by John Jedra. He was producing this newsletter since it's inception on November 1982! He recently decided to retire and I had to scramble around to find another printer that would do as good or better job and still be reasonably priced. Plus the recent postal rate increase didn't help either. However, the latter isn't always easy, so starting January 1st, 1996 I will unfortunately have to increase the cost of membership and subscriptions from \$12.00 to \$20.00 per year. I regret this decision but it's the only way I can continue producing this publication without going into the red.

Sustaining, Contributing, Overseas and Multi-year subscriptions will also increase accordingly. However Patron and Lifetime subscriptions will remain the same. If your subscription is coming due in February or if you simply wish to extend your membership under the current prices, I will have to receive your extension prior to January 1st. After the first of the year, the new rates will go into effect.

All newsletters will continue to be shipped First-class and Air Mail Printed Matter overseas with the exception of overseas exchange publications which will be shipped Surface mail effective immediately. Please keep your addresses current so I do not have to re-mail your newsletter to your new address therefore unnecessarily wasting money, envelopes and postage.

Thanks to Tom Perrott for the SPR Journals, the books; "Psychic Warfare" and "The Personality of Man" and all the great clippings. Also thanks to our clipsters Stanley Suho and John Anderson. Shelly Sykes recently sent me a copy of a cassette with some spirit voices on it and a Halloween show from 1993 taped in York, Pennsylvania (one of her articles appears in this issue). Thank you's go out to Phyllis Emert for her new book, "Mysteries of Strange Appearances From Beyond", Gary Brown for the interesting psychic photograph and Diane Laurent for her article (also featured in this issue).

New Contributing Members include: Patricia McFarland and Shane and Oneta Carter. Debra Munn upgraded to an Overseas Contributing Member. Sustaining Member Rose Eckhoff recently joined our ranks.

We have added 8 new members and received renewals from 19 other members since our last issue. Thank you very much!

The next bi-monthly is scheduled for November 18th at 1pm in the Oak Lawn Rotary Room of the Oak Lawn Public Library. The general public is invited to attend as well as all current members.



## Ghost Research Society

Recently I appeared on the nationally televised paranormal show, "*Sightings*". I had suggested the possible show regarding Civil War battlefield ghosts, especially those seen and reported in and around Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

The *Sightings* team flew me into Baltimore/Washington International airport and then rented a car for me which I drove to Gettysburg. We were put up in the haunted *Farnsworth House* and were treated like royalty by Pattie O'Day, the proprietor.

Also appearing on the show was author Mark Nesbitt, author and professor Charles Emmons of Gettysburg College and Mr. & Mrs. Sheads whom had taken a paranormal picture in the Triangular Field.

We staked the Little Round Top, Devil's Den and the Triangular Field out after dark with the help and guidance of park service employees. The equipment I brought along included a Gauss meter which registered unusual pockets of electromagnetic anomalies around the area of the Little Round Top where most of the bloodiest battle took place. The *Sightings* crew equipped their cameras with night-vision scopes in order to record the tests in almost total darkness.

Later in the Triangular Field, I used a Negative Ion Detector which detects static electrical discharges. I was receiving some extremely strong readings which was recorded by the *Sightings* cameras while I was sweeping the area. The Triangular Field was the area the Confederate troops charged up from as they made their way to the Devil's Den and eventually the Little Round Top.

All in all, I deemed the investigation a great success!

*The Other Side*, the only daily paranormal talk show, now has a new host and all new programs. She is Dana Fleming and since she has taken over, there has been three shows on ghosts. The most recently covered "*Haunted Dorms*". I'm not real happy with the direction the show is taking and Ms. Fleming is very skeptical especially when it comes to the possibility of ghosts and hauntings. It's almost like she has to see the ghosts herself before she will believe in them. It's still a good show to watch on your local NBC affiliate.

The newsletter of the quarter is *Spectral* (The magazine of Ghosts, Poltergeists & Hauntings) and is one you will definitely wish to subscribe to. It's published four times a year and U.S. subscriptions are \$15.00 (cash only) and mailed to: *Spectral!*, PO Box 18, Aberdare, Mid Glamorgan, CF44 8YG, United Kingdom.



# A Cry In The Dark

By

*Tom Perrott*

I am lucky in that I am frequently invited by various groups to give talks on many aspects of the Paranormal.

On these occasions, upon the completion of my lectures, I like to encourage my audience to ask me questions or to impart to me and others present details of my occurrences that they themselves might have experienced. I find quite understandably, that I am often asked the question, 'Do you believe in Ghosts?' In my desire to appear non-committal and detached, as behooves any bona fide psychic investigator, I usually reply by saying, 'I cannot be certain' or 'I keep an open mind!'

Now I am not too sure, because things came to a head a few weeks ago, after I had given a talk on Hauntings to a Theater Club, in the town of Bromley, in the English County of Kent. However I must start from the beginning.

Many years ago while on a business trip, which was to have taken me from South Western England into South Wales, I was driving through the County of Gloucestershire, when some torrential rain started to fall.

In the historic city of Gloucester itself, dominated by the tower of its wonderful 11th century cathedral, shopkeepers in the main street were feverishly attempting to repel the encroaching floodwaters without any great measure of success, so I decided to put up there for the night, in the hope that the waters would have receded by the morning, when I would be able to resume my journey without any further difficulty.

Accordingly I decided to seek accommodation at a 15th century inn, hitherto completely unknown to me, and paradoxically bearing the name of the New Inn. It was a timbered building with a gallery surrounding it from which one entered the bedrooms.

I retired to bed somewhat exhausted after a very tiring day and quickly fell asleep. I had not been asleep for long, or so it seemed, when I became aware of a sound of what appeared to be female sobbing, and it seemed to emanate either from the gallery or from an adjoining room. This continued for some time, when it stopped, and I was able to fall asleep again until the morning.

When I got up, I went to investigate the origin of the sound and found that there was no gallery outside my window and that my room was at the end of a corridor, against a brick wall and that there was no room on the other side.

At that time I had not been smitten by my present interest in psychic matters, so after some consideration I came to the conclusion that I must either have been dreaming or perhaps passing

through the altered states of consciousness known as 'the false awakening', a condition in which one thinks that one is awake, but in actuality is still asleep.

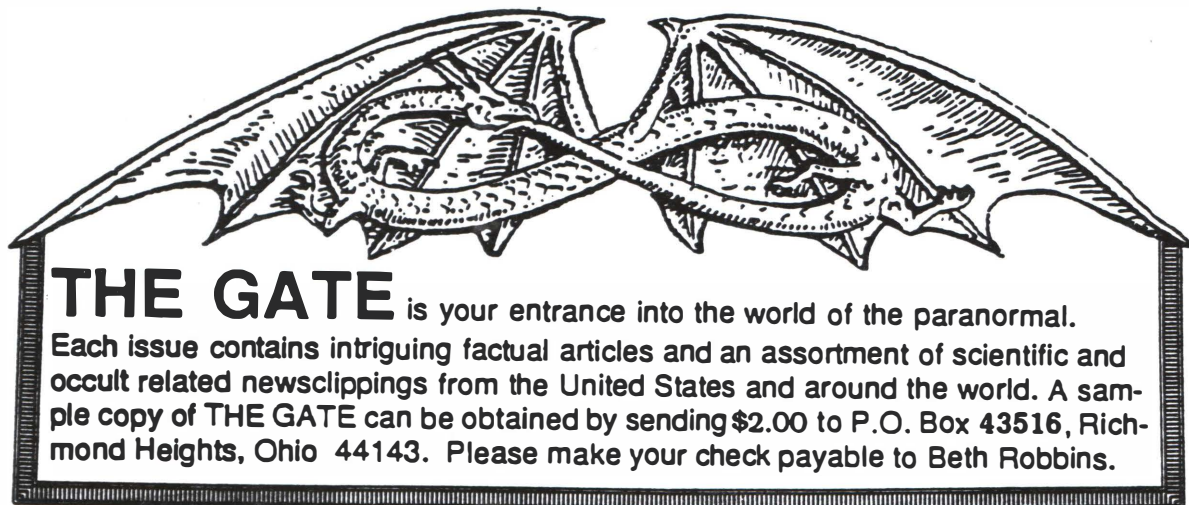
Many years elapsed until recently, when after my talk in which I had related my experience, a lady came up to me and said, 'I enjoyed your talk, especially that bit about Gloucester. I used to live there and had always heard that the New Inn was reputed to be haunted'. I said, 'What did you hear that it was haunted by?' She replied, 'A crying woman!'

Upon engaging in further research I discovered that it was at this ancient hostelry in the Summer of 1553, that the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, learned for the first time that she was to become Queen of England, an honor to be of short duration, because in January 1554, at the tender age of 17, she met an untimely end at the hands of the Headsman on Tower Hill.

On more than one occasion the spectral figure of a lady clad in a long robe has been seen to pass through the door of what is known as *The Queen's Suite*, and over the years, many manifestations have been experienced in this ancient building in whose venerable timbers, lay hidden the secrets of many centuries.

In a life of paranormal investigation when the path of the genuine investigator is strewn with innumerable pitfalls, and when those of a gullible nature can be so easily duped, I feel that this account of a personal experience, could with many others equally authentic, only go to show that Shakespeare was more than wise when he wrote in *Hamlet* the memorable words, '*There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy*'.

Submitted by: Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N10 2QG, United Kingdom.



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# The Haunted Mountain

(near Tubac, AZ.)

By

*Maurice Schwalm*

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Hauntings take many forms. We are most accustomed to the haunted house form. Mountain reports are usually of a legendary nature. This is an account of an mountain apparition on which specifically carries on dialogue with the recipient of the apparition.

Rhett Crow is a Kansas City-based potter who considers himself an initiate of several Native-American cults. He is perhaps 1/8 Cherokee. He is also a lecturer at corporate seminars on relaxation, healing and meditation. He is 63. His market for his ceramics has always been local -- until 1981 when an apparition told him (literally) that he must seek his own salvation, and that of others as well, in the Southwest. But he was given neither a map nor a timetable. He refers to the entity of *The Old Man*.

One day when he was wide-awake throwing a pot in his studio, he found that he was not quite alone. An old man was with him wearing animal skins only. He was not adorned with either feathers or beads. He began to speak in a totally alien tongue which Rhett was somehow able to understand and respond to. He was told to seek a holy mountain which would have female energy at the base and male energy at the tip.

Rhett realized he would have to await "the next thrilling installment" before attempting this questionable quest. His chance came soon enough. The next issue of his favorite trade show magazine gave information about a trade show in Tubac, Arizona which would be in the month of February. This is extremely early even in Arizona. The mountainous locales shown felt right. He booked a display booth.

For eight days it rained day and night. Sales were negligible. He wondered what he was doing there in Tubac. On the ninth day, the sun shone and there were two rainbows. Rhett was offered another week free of booth charges. He accepted as the horizon looked promising. Sales were good. He found what he thought must be his mountain. It was about 15 miles to the east.

He went there and slept out in a tent. The Old Man appeared to him and said in effect, "This is the place. You must bury hand-made sacrifices to the mountain and you will receive the gift of healing of others. This mountain will become more and more each time you come here. You are part of a reincarnational group that has been here since Mayan times. When you are ready to heal here as a full-time occupation, you will know it as land will be made



available to you. Meanwhile, you will come each February and prosper." And so he has. An anthropologist has confirmed that some of the words used by The Old Man are of the pre-Mayan scissors tail clan. Rhett Crow finds in that an authentication of his source.

Since Shamans are always rainmakers, it would be interesting to see if the "sanctification" of the mountain is accompanied by a statistical increase in local average rainfall.

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, KS.  
66103-0522.

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# Report on the Montandon Case

By

*William Hauck*

Date: 1968 to 1972

Location: Quadraplex house on Lombard Street in San Francisco

Type of case: Destructive Haunting

## Summary:

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, Patricia Montandon was a popular San Francisco television personality. The beautiful, blond-haired woman hosted a weekly movie broadcast called "Pat's Prize Movie" on KGO-TV and soon had her own talk show. The seventh child of a Nazarene minister, Pat was divorced and lived alone. Then, in 1968, she hired a live-in personal secretary by the name of Mary Louise Ward, and the two quickly became close friends.

That same year, Pat started throwing New Age astrology and fortune-telling parties in her home. On one of those occasions, a Tarot card reader, who felt insulted by the hostess, stormed out of the apartment, saying: "I lay a curse on you and this house. I do not forget and I do not forgive. Remember that!" The crazed man began a one-man crusade to destroy Pat's life. He called her friends and employer to spread malicious rumors. She started receiving obscene phone calls, and wreaths of dead flowers were delivered to her door. Before long, her perfect life became a living hell.

The whole house was overcome with a bone-chilling chill, that no amount of heating could dissipate. Locked windows would open by themselves, and small fires started for no reason. Her home was vandalized and ransacked on several occasions. Her dog started whimpering in the middle of the night, scratching at the kitchen door to get out. Pat began waking up every night at 2:00 AM to the sounds of footsteps. Then she started seeing shadows lurking in corners and behind doors.

Pat's career was eventually ruined by rumors of her promiscuous lifestyle. The final blow came in an article in TV Guide which described the descent from "party-girl to call-girl." She sued the magazine in 1972 and was awarded \$150,000 in damages.

Tragically, there were four deaths of young, unmarried women associated with the curse. Two of Pat's closest friends, who shared the house with her, committed suicide, and her favorite cousin died under mysterious circumstances. Then, in June 1969, her personal secretary died in a unexplainable fire in the house while Pat was out of town on business. An extensive autopsy revealed the woman was already dead before the fire started. The

actual cause of her death remains unknown, although one doctor suggested she died of "fright."



**Historical:**

Pat contacted a number of people seeking help. They included astronaut Edgar Mitchell, satanist Anton LaVey, psychic Gerri Patton, and photographic medium Nick Nicerino. Before moving out of the house, Pat had an exorcism performed, and the disturbances suddenly ended. Investigators could not come up with any reasonable explanation for the fiendish events.

**Remarks:**

The house is located in the infamous Russian Hill area of San Francisco. The area is the site of dozens of hauntings to this day. Many of the houses on the hill are constructed on top of an old Russian Orthodox cemetery, which dates back to the Nineteenth Century. Did the evil words of the Tarot reader somehow entice the otherworldly influences of Russian Hill to enter Pat's house?

Submitted by: William Hauck, California State Coordinator for the GRS, PO Box 22201, Sacramento, CA. 95822, (916)424-4355.



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"The Wizards  
Speak Only  
During The  
Total Eclipse"

# The Haunted Adobe

By

*Richard Senate*

The woman appeared to be solid. She just stood there looking at me until she slowly became transparent and vanished away into complete nothingness. I had just seen the legendary 'Black Lady' of the historic Olivas Adobe in Ventura, California. As in all of the other accounts, she was dressed all in black with a dark veil over her head. Tiny spider web gloves were on her hands and clutched within them some sort of small pouch. Though she wore a veil, I could feel her eyes on me in a way that sent a chill down my back. (See cover design)

The historic Oliva Adobe was built in 1847 as the main house for one of the large Spanish/American Landgrants of the last century. The builder, Don Raymundo Olivas, grew rich selling beef to the hungry miners during the Gold Rush of 1849. He used this wealth to build his opulent home for his wife and twenty-one children. The adobe home was known for its lavish fiestas that could last for as long as a week. It was opened as a museum by the city of Ventura back in 1972 and almost from the start gardening crew and staff began to report seeing a 'lady in a long black dress' wandering the house. Several times the police were called in to investigate the suspected 'break in'. They never found a thing. I began working at the Olivas Adobe in 1988 as a historical interpreter--a combination curator and tour guide. I had heard the stories of the phantom lady but I never really gave it much of a thought until I was closing up one Sunday back in 1993. The two-storied adobe has it's own chapel for family worship and when I went into the room to lock the door, I came face to face with the ghost lady.

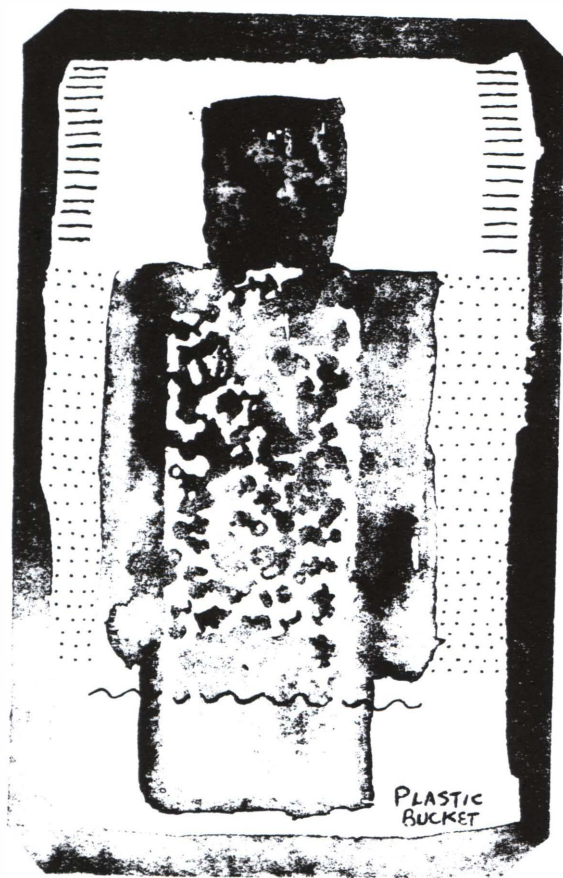
She was standing near the altar looking right at me. I knew it was the ghost right from the first second---I just stood there in silent awe. I looked at her and she looked at me. As we stood there I could feel a cold chill creep down my back. She seemed to want to tell me something, I felt that she had a message for me or wanted me to do something for her. Then she vanished away and I was alone. It started me on a quest to discover the identity of the phantom and why she walks the old house. I found out that only one of the children died in the house--Maria "Nellie" Olivas. She died when she was about nineteen. The image I saw was that of a young woman. Asking around I found out that the sightings all began about the time the city fathers removed all of the tombstones from the local city cemetery. They thought it looked like an 'Eyesore' and thought it would improve the city image to toss the stones into the sea as a breakwater and turn the graveyard into a



'park'. Strangely enough, almost no one uses that park today.

Some of the old families did complain and small bronze markers were placed on some of the grave sites. I discovered that Nellie was buried in that cemetery and that her stone was one of those removed. I'm now trying to get the city to mark the grave and, it is my hope, it will let the unhappy spirit rest at last.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, 3127 Trinity Dr., Ventura, CA. 93003.



# Dogs, Ghosts & Angels

By

*Diane M. Laurent*

In 1913, ghost hunter Elliott O'Donnell wrote, "When I investigate a haunted house, I generally take a dog with me, because experience has taught me that a dog seldom fails to give notice, in some way or another--either by whining, or growling or crouching shivering at one's feet, or springing on one's lap and trying to bury its head in one's coat--of the proximity of a ghost."

People have been fascinated with the supernatural ability of the dog for centuries. In many of its roles in folklore and symbolism, the dog is naturally a love and admired animal, a human's loyal helper and companion.

It was the belief of my Slovak ancestors that hearing a dog howl meant that death would come to yourself or someone close to you. They believed that a dog howled because he could see the Angel of Death approaching.

Furthermore, there are many documented cases of angels appearing in the form of a dog in order to help someone. The most famous incident was the experience of Saint John Bosco, who was born in Italy in 1815. Whenever this holy man was in danger, a large dog suddenly appeared to help him. Once the danger passed, the dog would mysteriously disappear.

Sometimes the dog entered John Bosco's house, but always with some reason, either to accompany him on a night journey or to prevent his leaving the house. Yet the dog was never known to eat. These experiences happened about five or six times. Then in 1883, more than 30 years after the dog's first appearance, he appeared once more in a different locality to guide John Bosco home after the saint had lost his way.

A dog's supernatural ability is still evident today. I once worked as a seasonal ranger at Valley Forge National Park. The building that houses our park library is haunted with a ghost named Elizabeth. One night another ranger was doing research in the library and brought her dog along. Her dog is normally very placid, but all of a sudden he just got up and ran for the door and tried to claw his way out!

I myself have three Siberian Huskies. The youngest, Penny, is normally well behaved on walks. But there is one house in our neighborhood that she absolutely refuses to go by. Either she will sit down, then try to back up or tries to drag me across the street.

Why do dogs see ghosts and angels more often than people? Maybe they inherited the survival instinct from the wolf. In the

wild, if an animal fails to notice something different or unusual about its environment, it could very well mean certain death.

Or possibly it's because, as Richard Cavendish writes in his book, The Power of Evil, "The dog is a creature of the threshold, the guardian of doors and portals, and so it is appropriately associated with the frontier between life and death, and with demons and ghosts which move across the frontier."

But maybe it's simply the same reason that children see ghosts and angels more than adults; namely, if people don't expect to see something, they usually don't. As Christian Morgenstern put it in Do You Have A Guardian Angel?, "All secrets [angels and ghosts included] lie before us in perfect openness. We just harden ourselves against them..."

Submitted by: Diane M. Laurent, Pennsylvania Field Investigator,  
133 S. Eagle Rd., Havertown, PA. 19083-3315.

## **ENIGMAS**

ENIGMAS is published five times  
a year by Strange Phenomena  
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## **ENIGMAS**



## **\*\* TALES FROM THE INTERNET! \*\***

The Internet (the world's largest network of computer systems) has a myriad of special interest groups (SIGs) formed into what are known as "newsgroups". Newsgroups, like SIGs and Forums, are merely areas where people can leave and read messages pertaining to a subject they are interested in. One such newsgroup we access at Caer Tuatha BBS is called alt.folklore.ghost-stories. It is a Forum where people tell, and sometimes comment on...ghost stories. Like most Internet newsgroups, you will find messages "posted" by folks from all over the world.

As a regular feature in the *Ghost Trackers Newsletter*, we will glean a few of the hundreds of stories and present them to you here. They are not edited and appear as you would see them on your computer screen.

This issue: ***Tales From Overseas***

```
=====
BBS:  CAER TUATHA
Date: 03-27-95 (14:25)           Number: 29605
From:  GH0@WAM.UMD.EDU           Refer#: NONE
To:    ** ALL **                 Recvd: NO
Subj:  Hong Kong Ghost Story     Conf: (18) Ighosts
-----
```

etMsg #: <317ag8\$5p@cville-srv.wam.umd.edu>

From: gho@wam.umd.edu (George C. Ho)  
To: \*\* ALL \*\*

This is a story which my roommate told me a couple of years ago. A friend of his who's living in Hong Kong at the time was a police officer. One of the things that comes with that line of work are those weird hours that you have to work on. One night, after he got off from his shift and driving home at around 2am. He passed through an intersection that was made up of a circle (so they don't need the stop lights or stop signs). While he was driving in this circle, he saw this woman walking in the middle of his lane. So in order to avoid her, he ended up crashing the car.

Fortunately, it was not a major accident, and he could get out of the car by himself. And to his surprise, he couldn't find the woman who "caused" this accident. So he blamed it on his bad luck and forgot the whole thing afterward.

About a couple of months later, he happened to drive on the same intersection at the same time of the night as the last time. Add on to that he saw the same woman walking in the same spot as before. But at this time, he knew something was wrong with this woman. So instead of avoiding her and possibly crashing his newly-fixed car again, he decided to go straight ahead and let the woman be the one who would do the dodging. Just before he was going to

hit her, the woman disappeared.

When he looked to the side of the car, he found the woman was right there outside of the driver's side window staring at him. At the top of his lungs, he yelled out to that woman to tell her to get the hell away from his car. Only after almost an eternity to him did she disappear. Ever since then he hasn't been driving at that intersection at night again.

George Ho  
gho@wam.umd.edu

```
=====
BBS:  CAER TUATHA
Date: 06-04-95 (12:56)           Number: 59070
From: <DAVE@FRYUP.DEMON.CO.UK>   Refer#: NONE
To:   ** ALL **                 Recvd: NO
Subj: The Birthday Cake          Conf: (26) Ighosts
=====
```

etMsg #: <764398241wnr@fryup.demon.co.uk>

From: Dave Brierley <dave@fryup.demon.co.uk>

Years ago a fellow student had this brother who knew this couple in Darlington, U.K. They were perfectly matched and got married. Being young and poor, they found an ideal home, a back-street terraced house in Darlington. My mates brother went to visit them and noticed a distinctly odd "atmosphere" about the place. The couple said they had noticed a strange feeling about the place. Chris, the brother of my friend (who feels these things) had to satisfy his curiosity and he said it was coming from upstairs and, in particular, about a certain room. His guests said it was a spare room and it was the one they wanted to "do up" as a child's bedroom when and if the happy event occurred.

So, anyway, the three of them went up to the room, like all neglected rooms, it echoed of unuse. The smell was distinctly musty and the only furnishing was a floor covering of red-patterned linoleum and an old wardrobe with the doors open. Chris noticed an object on top of the wardrobe and, getting a pair of stair-ladders, managed to retrieve the object. It was an old cake tin, but it contained something; it rattled.

Chris and his newlywed friends took the tin downstairs and in the kitchen pried off the lid. There was a gasp of trapped gas, but as they looked they saw a cake--a birthday cake, "Happy One Year Old", it said on the blue icing. The couple later asked their landlady about previous tenants. "Oh", she said, "there was this young couple a bit like yourselves....poor things, they lost their baby on it's first birthday."

Dave Brierley      EMail dave@fryup.demon.co.uk

=====

BBS:	CAER TUATHA		
Date:	06-11-95 (01:30)	Number:	62544
From:	<ALAN@CLEGG2.DEMON.CO.UK>	Refer#:	NONE
To:	** ALL **	Recvd:	NO
Subj:	My old flat	Conf:	(26) Ighosts

-----

etMsg #: <851570409wnr@clegg2.demon.co.uk>

From: Alan Clegg <Alan@clegg2.demon.co.uk>  
To: \*\* ALL \*\*

I used to live alone in a flat in the converted attic of a Victorian house in Birmingham, U.K. I always had the impression from the moment I moved in that there was an atmosphere to the place, but since it was cheap and unusual I went for it. I never actually saw my problem but I was constantly reminded of its presence. I suppose the most frightening phenomena was the sound of heavy, laboured footsteps on the steep stairs leading up to my bedroom door. This always occurred very early in the morning and always when I knew the entire house was empty save myself.

When I went to look (no mean feat of courage) the stairs were empty. Other occurrences included a feeling of somebody outside my door, electrical fuses and lightbulbs lasting only a few weeks and the food in my refrigerator all going bad at the same time.

This all seemed to stop when the house was ripped apart in a major renovation and the entire roof was replaced. I later learned that it was a nursery and that *something*, some sort of tragedy had happened there. I stayed for two years and I have been told that that was something of a record for that place. It's not an incredible ghost story but it made me rethink my beliefs about the subject.

Alan Clegg - alan@clegg2.demon.co.uk

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BBS:	CAER TUATHA		
Date:	06-10-95 (17:42)	Number:	67703
From:	<MIKE@FRYUP.DEMON.CO.UK>	Refer#:	NONE
To:	** ALL **	Recvd:	NO
Subj:	English Civil War	Conf:	(26) Ighosts

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etMsg #: <104943896wnr@fryup.demon.co.uk>

From: Mike Brierley <Mike@fryup.demon.co.uk>  
To: \*\* ALL \*\*

I used to live in Marple, Cheshire (U.K.). It was a new housing estate, but only a few hundred yards from the ruins of Marple Hall. The hall had been demolished (sadly) in the 1950's but the foundations remained together with a headstone. There was (and still is) a real atmosphere about the place.

However, this wasn't just any old ruined house. Marple Hall



was the family home of the Bradshaws and Judge John Bradshaw just happened to preside over the trial of Charles I. (In the film Cromwell, his part is played by Stratford Johns)

Not unsurprisingly, the place abounds in ghost stories. The most often told is that of the white lady. During the Civil War, a young soldier visited the house. One of the maids fell madly in love with him (as they do). However he was found to be a Royalist spy and had to be done away with. The maid was told to take the soldier and guide him across the ford over the River Goyt - except that in fact she was to push him in at the deep end, so to speak. The poor dear was torn between loyalty to her House and the love for her soldier.

She did the decent thing and drowned the poor bugger. However she was overcome with grief and drowned herself shortly afterwards. She still wanders Marple Dale crying for her lost love. (U.K. grid reference SJ 941 896)

Darker things were to follow.

In 1660 Charles II was restored to the English throne. The knives were out for those responsible for the regicide. Judge Bradshaw was top of the wanted list. The fact that he was already dead did not deter his enemies. His corpse was dug-up, decapitated and his head stuck on a pole on London Bridge (or thereabouts).

So we have our second Marple ghost. The headless Judge Bradshaw riding on horseback down the lane to his old home.

Back in the real world, it's 1967. I'm six years old and my grandmother has just moved in to live with us. She says she hears the sound of horses hooves in the night. Not every night, but quite often. There could be a rational explanation. Somebody is taking their horse out for a walk at 11 pm? Maybe she is going do-lally? No, I don't think so. Anyway she tells us this story for years until.....

.... \*I\* hear the bloody horse! Now I wasn't going senile, and I looked out of the window and there was nobody about, but I DID hear those hooves. Not just on one night but on several occasions.

Did I hear the headless Judge Bradshaw riding back to Marple Hall? Probably not, but it would be a nice thought.

\*\* Fans of trivia might like to know that Christopher Isherwood who wrote the book of the film Cabaret was a Bradshaw-Isherwood and came from Marple. \*\*

Mike Brierley mike@fryup.demon.co.uk

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Submitted by: Jim Breece, SYSOP of Caer Tuatha (708)393-7750.



# S.P.I. Case Research Work

By

*Malcolm Robinson*

## SPI Kilsyth Haunting Case - August 1994

Thanks to Mark Hawthorne, an SPI member from Kilsyth who passed on to SPI a front-page news item from his local newspaper, the Kilsyth Chronicle, SPI again found themselves on yet another intriguing ghostly case. Upon receiving this newscutting, I immediately sent a letter to the woman concerned, Miss Patricia Cananvan, 21, and explained all about SPI and how we could hopefully help her situation. Not long after, I was contacted by Patricia, who was so glad that I was taking her claims seriously and was 'over the moon' of the help being offered.

### How it all began.

On the 8th of August 1994, SPI consisting of, our psychic Helen Walters, Billy Devlin researcher, and myself, visited Patricia Canavan's home in Kilsyth, and the following are the facts obtained. Patricia moved into this house in Kirklands Crescent Kilsyth back in September 1992 with her two kids, Christopher, 2, and nine-month-old Danielle. Soon after moving in she noticed that no matter how high the heating would be turned up, the rooms always appeared cold. Before moving in, Patricia was told by children playing in the street outside this house, that they could see the figure of a man standing at a bedroom window, yet the house was completely empty! As if the coldness wasn't bad enough, taps began to turn themselves on and off, lights would be switched on and off, and the stereo and video recorder would come on of their own accord.

Initially Patricia thought that she was imagining all this, but after checking that everything was switched off with the help of her sister Elizabeth, 24, upon returning back to the house from a shopping trip, they would find certain things switched on again. Things intensified with the toilet being flushed when nobody was in the bathroom, door handles moving in a downward manner of their own accord, windows being chapped, toys being moved, on some occasions, Patricia would put certain items down, only to return and find that they had vanished. These items would return but would turn up in completely different locations.

Patricia soon began to realize that she was sharing her home with unseen occupants. This all became apparent when her two-year-old son, Christopher, started talking to someone she couldn't see. Sometimes he would be fine with this, but on other occasions he would come crying to his mother saying that there was a man in his

bed. Soon Patricia herself began to experience directly, the strange sensation of unseen presences. On some occasions her clothes would be pulled in a downward manner, she felt breathing on her neck and face, mostly at night, someone or something woke her up one night by 'jumping on her bed'.

Patricia went on to inform SPI, that she always saw shadows from the corner of her eye as if someone had just walked by. Once she saw a man standing behind her front door who was 'reflected' in her hall mirror. When she looked again, he was gone. She noticed that just before events would begin, the room would go suddenly cold. She told her local Kilsyth Chronicle, ... "It's like being outside on a freezing cold day, you can hardly breathe. It's a terrifying experience". Not only were these strange ghostly events occurring to Patricia and her children, but Patricia's boyfriend Derek Walker, 22, was himself subjected to a *ghostly presence*. Derek was sleeping in his bed with the covers pulled down over his bare back. He awoke to the sensation of a cold and clammy hand being placed on his back. This gave him quite a start as he informed SPI. On one occasion, Patricia's sister, Elizabeth, was staying with them and she too, was subjected to something! She awoke from her sleep to the sensation of someone tapping on her back, upon turning over, she was startled and shocked to see the figure of a old man leaning over her bed. At other times Patricia would walk into her home and complain of hearing a baby crying from within her home, yet again, no one was at home when this baby was heard. Also the neighbours complained of a blaring TV and of hearing loud music from within Patricia's home, and on every occasion on which this happened, the house was empty.

### **A Haunting Reputation!**

Marking enquiries, Patricia found out that her house was supposedly haunted, and I've already mentioned about the children playing in the street who claim to have seen a man staring at them from a window. She was also informed by a friend, that the block of houses of which she lived in, was called the *haunted block*, and that the house next door to her was having trouble with their gas being turned on and off. No one could get under the ground to turn the gas back on except the gas board, who were continually being called out and could offer no satisfactory explanation. The house upstairs from Patricia, had a ghost which threw a man out of his bed. The previous tenant of Patricia's home, apparently was also subjected to strange ghostly experiences. And this woman's child, (a young baby) would not sleep in her room. She was always crying. This lady was later to flee the house never to return, and incredibly, she left all the household furnishings behind!

The events just described and more, much more, were taking there toll on Patricia. and her general health began to suffer. She started taking anti-depressants for her nerves, and her asthma, which was of a mild variety, began to get steadily worse. She approached the Cumbernauld and Kilsyth District Council and asked that she be re-housed and although they listened with understanding to her plight, explained that she would just have to go through the



same procedure as anybody else. Her local paper soon got wind of the story, (not from Patricia I might add) and this is where SPI comes into the story.

### **The SPI Investigation Begins.**

After listening to the many strange events relayed by Patricia, her sister Elizabeth, Patricia's boyfriend Derek, and Elizabeth's boyfriend Martin McDonald, we explained that SPI would be back in the capacity of gaining further information through our psychic medium Helen Walters and we explained our need to spend a full night alone in the house, not only to obtain more valuable information, but ultimately to move such spirit presences on to their rightful place. This was agreed, and a date was set for the return of SPI.

### **The Scottish Press Gets Wind of the Story.**

A few days later, an emotional and somewhat distressed Patricia Canavan, telephoned and informed me that 'things were getting worse', and could I possibly bring forward the date that we arranged. Accepting the worsening situation, I agreed, and a new date was set. Now at this point, Patricia was at her wit's end, and perhaps foolishly she contacted the Scottish Daily Record newspaper to highlight her problem and with the added expectations that she could perhaps 'shake up' the local District Council into providing her with alternative accommodations. Helen Walters and I, were none too pleased at the Daily Record being contacted. If publicity was to be generated, we would have preferred it to have been generated 'after the event' rather than before. The cat was now well and truly out of the bag! The Record published an article relating to Patricia's ghostly problems, of which the title, in bold letters was, **"I WANT AN EXORCIST"**. The story capitalised on the fact that Patricia lived next to an old graveyard and that a local Priest, Father Jeremy Bath mentioned..."It's too soon to say if an exorcism will be carried out". It didn't state the fact that he had already blessed the house and yet still the events occurred. A day or so later, I received a telephone call from the Daily Record who had learned of SPI's involvement. I was interviewed over the phone, and the next day another large article appeared, this time the heading was, **"SPI GETS READY TO SPOOK HER GHOSTS"** subtitled, **"EXORCISTS MOVING IN"**. Never at any time, I or any members of SPI, say that we were 'exorcists', we stated clearly that we were researchers, out to collect evidence, and hopefully ease the situation if not clear it entirely. But there you are, suddenly I was an exorcist, "oh the shame of it all"! The following day, yet a further large article appeared in the Daily Record, of which the heading this time was....**"GHOSTBUSTER, MALCOLM'S OUT TO END HAUNTED HOUSE ORDEAL"** I stated in this article, that most ghosts are 'Earth-bound' entities, spirits who don't realise that they're dead, and that what we do, is to get them to realise that they have passed on, and that there is a better place for them to go.

### **Journalists Galore!**

The eyes of Scotland were now looking at this case, would these intrepid 'ghostbusters' get rid of the ghosts? I'm sure that we were the talk of many a household over the course of these few days. I then started to receive telephone calls from various newspapers, all wanting to get in on the act. "Could we come along and spend the night at your 'ghost-bust'?" was the often repeated phrase. A simple 'no' was our answer. However after much discussion, we felt that perhaps maybe we should let a newspaper become involved, only if they promised to cover the story with honesty and sincerity, the aim of being, to inform Joe Public that these cases are real and demand serious attention. Foolishly (with hindsight) we choose the Scottish SUN newspaper, a decision we were later to regret.

### **Gone but not forgotten!**

And so on Tuesday the 16th of August, I along with Billy Devlin, his brother Tony Devlin, (a keen amateur photographer) and our psychic Helen Walters, set off for Kilsyth. We arrived at 11:55 pm and were met at the door by Patricia, her sister Elizabeth, Derek Walker and Martin McDonald. Also there was Alan Muir, a reporter with the Sun and his photographer. After a short period of discussion, my first task was to place white sheets of paper under some household ornaments. Then draw a line under the bottom circumference of these ornaments, reason being, should paranormal activity occur, then perhaps it might move certain ornaments, and if the movement of these ornaments were outwit the drawn circumference and we couldn't account for it naturally, then what would this leave us?

We also placed compasses within the home, for it's been stated by other researchers that sometimes compass needles spin when paranormal activity occurs. Thermometers were also used, to detect any fall in temperature. I placed paper clips in single lines to see if later they had moved, or even formed new designs! Sometimes, as has been reported, they have even been known to 'inter-lock'. Two video cameras were taken to the home, as were a number of 35MM cameras. Sticky tape was used to seal up window areas for any possible draughts which might come in and be misconstrued as *strange ghostly breezes*. At this point, Patricia, her boyfriend and friends, left the house informing us that they would return in the morning to see how we got on. Soon it was down to business, and I quietly gave instructions to Billy, Tony and Helen, of where I wanted them. Helen would take up position in the kids bedroom, scene of most of the disturbances. Billy was to position himself in Patricia's bedroom, and Billy's brother, Tony, had the honour of sitting alone on a stool in the hall. Both the SUN photographer and reporter remained with me in the living room.

### **A Ghostly Breeze?**

Once we were all settled down into our respective places, I switched off all the lights. Complete blackness was all around. You could hardly see your hand in front of your face, only the flashing numbers on the video recorder, penetrated this inky

blackness. All was silent, would anything happen I asked myself? What a great opportunity if it did, for not only did we have a newspaper reporter with us, but we had their photographers as well. The minutes ticked away, and silence still prevailed. I spoke softly into my hand-held audio tape recorder, stating that, if spirit was here, could they please make their presence felt by either materializing, or by making noises within the home. Brave words, considering that I had forgot my smelling salts! Suddenly, a small breeze flitted (wafted) over my face. There was no denying it, it was like as if someone had just come up close and blown directly into your face. This, I must admit startled me, and I gave out a small gasp; and although I had the two SUN newspaper men in the room with me, they hadn't moved from there respective chairs. I asked each one if they had blown air across the room in my direction, both replied that they had not.

Composing myself, I again asked into the audio tape for spirit to make themselves known or to leave their voice on the audio tape. I explained that we were here to help them to move on and reach a higher plane of existence. Still silence. You could hear a pin drop. After a period of minutes, I got up and walked through to see how both Billy and Tony were getting on. Both hadn't experienced anything strange. I then checked in on Helen who informed me that she had felt a 'cob-webby touch' on her face, and had seen small bright lights flitting about in the air.

I returned to the living room to find, or rather to hear, the sound of the SUN photographer snoring. Here we were, trying to make contact with the next world, and this chap's in slumberland. Ah, the excitement of it all! A few hours later we took a break and discussed with one another what each of us had heard, felt or sensed, and apart from Helen's experiences and the breeze on my face, things were fairly quiet. Soon after our break, the SUN men left saying that they had to get their story together, although they were leaving before we had finished our work. Before they left however, I got reporter Alan Muir of the SUN, to promise to me that he would do a fair, honest and sensible write up of our investigation. Alan Muir promised that he would, and like a fool, I believed him.

### **Sandy Makes Contact.**

After our coffee break we all went into the front bedroom (where Helen had been most of the night). Helen had brought with her, a number of items which she felt would benefit this investigation, namely, incense, Holy water and a most beautiful crystal ball which was supported by four golden horses. Once we had positioned ourselves in the room, we all sat in silence giving our thoughts out to spirit, asking them to communicate. Soon after, Helen again saw small bright lights. Billy also claimed that he could see these lights. (I myself saw nothing nor did Tony) Some minutes later, Billy Devlin proved that he had nerves of steel as Helen calmly said across the darkened room, ...."Billy, don't be alarmed, but there is an old man with a pipe in his mouth superimposing his face over yours.." How Billy remained calm after



being told this I'll never know! It was evident that spirit was clearly here, more so when Helen psychically picked up a young boy around four or five years of age, with fair coloured hair who gave out the name, Sandy. Sandy was quite distressed, and Helen said that she saw tears running down his cheeks. A feeling of loneliness surrounded Sandy which was overwhelming. It could be speculated that this young spirit child was making his presence felt in the home, not only to Patricia, but to her young son as well. After a further period of minutes, Helen then played an audio tape of spiritual type music to help generate the conditions further for psychic events to occur after which Helen felt that now was the time to get on with our cleansing process, (Helen and I prefer this word to 'ghost-bust' or 'spirit-rescue').

### **Reluctant To Go!**

To assist in our cleansing process, we commandeered Patricia's large wooden kitchen table which we brought into the bedroom and to which we placed Helen's crystal ball. In the shady darkness, we all spread our fingers out and touched each other's hands, and a general sense of purpose was felt. We were here to help, and by golly we would give it our best shot. Soon after we had joined hands, Helen proceeded to say the Lord's prayer, after which she then went into a long versed cleansing prayer. With calm emotion and purpose, Helen asked for the release of these earth-bound spirits to move away and to go forward into the light. Listening to this was really something and as I looked towards both Billy and Tony, I wondered what would happen next.

The atmosphere in the room was tense, so tense as to be almost unreal in it's feel. Helen then stood up and appeared to be pushed forward. Eventually the words stopped and all was quiet. All eyes were now on Helen. Helen proceeded to inform us that she had made contact and moved on two adults and also this young boy Sandy. "These spirits were not related," stated Helen, "but were making their presence felt on the family." However, much as she was glad that she had moved on these three spirit individuals, she stated, "One's not wanting to go, I've still got an elderly gentleman here. He doesn't like what I'm doing, it may have been him that pushed me. I'll now have to say the whole prayer over again". And with that, Helen composed herself, rejoined sitting at the table, and we once again joined hands. After completion of the prayer Helen said, "He's gone, I do not feel any spirit presence here at all."

Again one could speculate and say that perhaps this elderly gentleman was the man that Patricia's sister Elizabeth saw bending over her bed. He could even have been the elderly gentleman that Patricia herself saw reflected in the hallway mirror. But it was over. The morning light streamed in through the thin textured bedroom curtains and spread its light over the four individuals who were happy in the knowledge that they had successfully moved on the spirit people from the family home. To make sure however, I followed Helen around the house going from room to room and asking her could she feel anything? Her reply from every room in the house, was a firm 'no'.

### Patricia returns.

Some time later, Patricia returned with her boyfriend and asked how we had got on. I was instructed by Helen, not to tell her anything until she herself had went from room to room. Patricia then replied to my question on how she felt by saying, "It feels warm, I don't feel anything here." We then told her what we had done and that once we had left her home, to wait a few days then telephone me informing SPI if anything further had occurred. SPI are happy to say that nothing further, (of the strange variety) has occurred at her home, and things are once again back to normal.

### Shoddy Journalism.

A couple of days later, (August 18th) the Scottish SUN newspaper headlined it's report as...**IS ANYBODY THERE?** subtitled...**HELEN SAYS YES. ALL I HEARD WAS THE SUN MAN SNORING.** This, and I can't bring myself to use the word article, but can think of some more appropriate terminology; used typical 'tongue in cheek' innuendo journalism with remarks to describe Patricia's home as a "Ghouls Paradise". I was put down as an In(spectre). The whole tone of the article was of one big send up. How can anyone treat the subject of psychic research seriously after reading such dribble? I won't dwell on this article, all I will say however, is that SPI has learned a valuable lesson, that of 'not to listen to newspaper promises'. We at SPI, will never work with the Scottish SUN newspaper again. We should have known better, but there you are. The trust was there from us to them, that trust was misused.

Anyway, finishing on a positive note, SPI completed it's investigation successfully and I'm sure that the tears of young Sandy will now be tears of joy as he and those other spirit individuals take up their rightful place in the afterlife. God bless you.

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# If I Were A Ghost

By

*Linda Haluska*

If I were a ghost/spirit, I would either go on vacation or on a sabbatical leave from October 1st -31st each year. Everyone and anyone is out there looking for something scary to happen. Such is not the case, as us ghost-hunters and fans know. Unusual and bizarre happenings do occur 365 days a year.

I really feel that due to too much media hype, October is a very overly rated time of the year. What about the months of February and May for having encounters of the scary side?

All of us interested in the unusual and/or unexplained should always be on the lookout for a supernatural happening. It may come to us in many ways - a cold spot, a shimmering image, an unexplained noise, etc. All we ghost-hunters need to do is to be aware and receptive of these occurrences.

So the next time you look forward to the Halloween season please STOP! Ghosts and supernatural events are here with us mortals daily, all year long. Just stop and look around you! By being open to these areas, you are letting yourself into a beautiful and ongoing experience that continually enhances our spiritual lives.

Happy Halloween to All!

Submitted by: Linda Haluska, member of the Ghost Research Society from Willow Springs, Illinois.



## OPINION POLLS

**Shelia Blische of New Hope, Pennsylvania writes,** " Instead of offering the video tapes of seminars, I would like to see tapes of the shows you have been on. I don't receive the Sci-Fi Channel and our NBC affiliate doesn't carry 'The Other Side'. You might market it as a 'Best of Dale' tape! A question and answer column, updates of on-going investigations and perhaps reprints of articles that you have been featured in."

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**An anonymous member comments,** "I would like to see more stories from our local area. While it is nice to read about experiences throughout the world, I think there would be a greater impact on local members to read about places they may have been to and didn't know were haunted or be able to visit places they read about. Granted this newsletter goes out internationally--so maybe a supplement can be added for local members with local stories? This publication would look much more professional if the cover was not hand-drawn. I think it would be better to have a professionally designed/drawn cover made and used as a constant, rather than changing with each issue and hand-drawn. Proofreading also needs to be tightened up since there are a few grammatical errors and missing words in sentences which interrupt the reading flow."

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**Linda Haluska of Willow Springs, Illinois says,** "You are doing an excellent job! I am really glad that I joined your club and I wish you much success in the future! You present the subject matter from a different view using different equipment, etc. You have very good ideas and knowledge of subject. A striking picture, symbol (for cover design) would be excellent in attracting attention. More personal views and opinions."

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**Editors note:** Many have commented about the cover design and I agree but in an effort to keep the newsletter going and in the black I will have to continue at least temporarily with the hand-drawn covers. I have made an effort to hire or attract those wishing to do artwork and/or cover designs. So far there has been little success.

I cannot market shows in which I have appeared since they are copyrighted but I guess I could give away free copies in exchange for a **donation** to the Ghost Research Society. I'll give it some thought and talk to some legal council.

Several people have commented about having the articles more local but if every member wrote to me requesting that same idea then I would have to make the newsletter a few hundred pages local with all kinds of local articles and adding a supplement again for all local members would be very costly and might show favoritism. I wish to treat each member of this organization with the same fairness as the next member.

## Book Reviews

**Atlas of the Mysterious in North America by Rosemary Ellen Guiley  
(Facts On File, Inc., 460 Park Ave. South, New York, NY. 10016,  
1995, hardcover, 178 pages, ISBN: 0-8160-2876-1)**

A great travel book for those Fortean, investigators or researchers that enjoy traveling around the country in search of unexplained, mysterious or unusual places, sites or locations. The book is divided into chapters including: Power points & sacred places, Earthworks & Mounds, Stoneworks, Haunted Places, Ghost Lights, Phantom & Mystery Ships, Water Monsters and Mysterious Creatures.

I, of course, thoroughly enjoyed the section on Haunted Places and Ghost Lights the best and it was the best written two chapters in the entire book. I believe these above areas are Ms. Guiley's strong points and perhaps she should stick with these. The other chapters were somewhat interesting but the description of some of the sites were redundant, repetitive and just plain boring.

Other strong points of the book were the North American map which is featured in each chapter pinpointing these locations and, of course, the illustrations and numerous pictures help out quite a bit. A great addition to any researcher's collection. Rated a 6 in 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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**Ulster Ghost Stories compiled by Joe Baker (Glenravel Local  
History Project, Ashton Centre, 5 Churchill St., Belfast, BT 15  
2BP, Northern Ireland, 1994, booklet, 28 pages, \$3.50, ISBN: 0-  
9519261-3-6)**

A small collection of ghost stories from Ireland plus some articles on poltergeists, ghost trains, old legends and the infamous banshee. I enjoyed reading these short stories but found that some of them were repeated from the first such booklet compiled by Mr. Baker. That was a bit disturbing.

There are some nice illustrations and actual photographs which, however, did not reproduce very well but these do compliment the booklet. All these stories were originally written by a multitude of authors dating back as far as 1932 up until 1965. Mr. Baker just reproduced these all into one booklet as part of this local history project.

He should be commended for digging so deep to find these relics. The style of each article is very different. Some are easy to read, while others are not. Rated a 3 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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**Ghosts and the Japanese: Cultural Experience in Japanese Death Legends** by Michiko Iwasaka & Barre Toelken (Utah State University Press, Logan, UT. 84322-7800, 1994, softcover, 138 pages, \$22.95, ISBN: 0-87421-179-4)

An extremely hard book to read in the very beginning. The author takes great pains to apparently impress the reader of his extensive vocabulary by using many words that I wasn't even familiar with. This causes the reader to pause unnecessarily to either look up this word or to figure out it's meaning as it's used in the sentence. This is especially pronounced in both the preface and the foreword.

Later in the book, it becomes much more simpler to read and understand and the flow isn't interrupted by unfamiliar words.

Much of the stories related in this fine book are simple folklore but many are quite unique and sometimes scary. To give you an example, I particularly enjoyed the section on *Ghosts At Sea* and in particular, *Ghost Heads in the Water*. Briefly, when fisherman attempt to come back to port with their catch, it seems they can't move in the water in spite of good winds. There, floating in the water, the fisherman see skulls biting at their oars. The more experienced know that to rid themselves of these ghosts, they must read a Buddhist text, wrap themselves in their blankets and go to sleep. When they wake, they always find the skulls gone and they can then proceed to port.

Inexperienced fishermen often try to hit the skulls with their oars and because of this violence, their families get nightie death premonitions the next time their men go out to sea and in spite of good weather they never return.

I found this to be a very unique tale and I highly recommend this book for those who wish to take a look at Japanese death legends and ghost stories. Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

**Hell's Gate: Terror at Bobby Mackey's Music World by Douglas Hensley** (Audio Books Plus, PO Box 24744, Jacksonville, FL. 32241, 1993, softcover, \$13.95, 301 pages, ISBN: 0-9630499-8-4)

I first learned about this unusual haunting when I happened to tune into *Geraldo* show and then subsequently saw additional footage and information on an episode of *Sightings*. This haunted country music lounge was the focus of multiple hauntings and strange phenomena. It even went as far as having a victim take Bobby Mackey to court for possible punitive damages (which was denied by the judge). Interestingly, the story of that individual is not even mentioned in the book!

The book reads like a cross between *The Amityville Horror* and *The Entity* and almost *The Exorcist* because there apparently was so much phenomena happening there, it was a bit unbelievable, even to me. Possessions, demons appearing, exorcisms, levitations, poltergeist phenomena, physical attacks and much more.



The author does mention in the beginning of the book that it's based on true accounts but fictionalized for the purpose of storytelling. Some story!

Hard to put down but a bit too much for the senses and the believability factor! Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

+++++  
**The Ghosts Of Virginia by L.B. Taylor, Jr. (Progress Printing Co., Inc., USA, 1993, softcover, 385 pages, ISBN: 0-9628271-5-0)**

A fine guide book to the haunts of Virginia put together by master writer, researcher and member of the GRS, L.B. Taylor, Jr. Mr. Taylor has written several other books concerning the state of Virginia and this may be his finest effort yet!

Lavishly illustrated with drawings and photographs, this book takes you all around Virginia including Jamestown, Williamsburg, Plantation Row, Tidewater, Fredericksburg, Northern Virginia, Shenandoah Valley, Charlottesville, Central and Southwestern Virginia, Richmond area and South of the James River.

Many of the sites I personally visited myself on trips through Virginia and I found this book indispensable as a guide and information book. Rated a 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

===== **Mysteries of Strange Appearances From Beyond by Phyllis Raybin Emert (Tom Doherty Associates, Inc., 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY. 10010, 1995, paperback, \$2.99, 117 pages, ISBN: 0-812-53632-0)**

A small but interesting book written by yet another member of the GRS, Phyllis Raybin Emert. I help furnish information on two chapters; Ghost Light and the Haunting at Orland Hills. I also got a very nice mention in front of the book and also in the Bibliography.

Illustrated by Jael, tells some of the more well known hauntings plus a few the reader might not recognize. Some are quoted from other books and sources but all in all, I feel it's worth the price. I love the cover design!! Rated a 5 in 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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"Best UFO Long Form Documentary" and "People's Choice"

Richard C. Hoagland, author of "The Monuments of Mars", is a former science consultant to NASA and CBS News. For the past fifteen years, he has led an independent team of scientists investigating evidence for the existence of ancient alien cultures in our Solar System. Mr. Hoagland has appeared on Larry King Live, GMA, and Sonya Live.



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